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# The Daily Mirror

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One Penny.

## GIPSY PRISONER'S SON



The wife of Charles "Baker," the escaped and recaptured prisoner (portrait inset), in her caravan home at North Walsham, Norfolk, with the little son born to her while her husband was pursuing his wild and sensational adventure. Baker's real name is Temple, and the baby has been named Charles William.

## HAVERS WINS AT TROON



Macdonald Smith, who finished with a total of 297.



J. H. Kirkwood, of Australia, who finished fourth with 298.



Arthur Havers, of Coombe Hill, who won the coveted championship by one stroke.



Walter Hagen, portrait inset on the left, holing a long putt. The presence of the large gallery does not disturb him. Inset on right, C. A. Whitcombe.

The British open golf championship at Troon resulted in a win for A. G. Havers (Coombe Hill), who finished with a score of 295. Walter Hagen (U.S.A.), last year's champion, was second with 296, and, after a keen struggle, Macdonald Smith (U.S.A.), with 297,

finished third and J. H. Kirkwood (Australia) was fourth. During the match Kirkwood and Macdonald Smith each broke the record for the course, going round in 69. There was a large crowd following and the excitement was intense.



## DOMESTIC WHO IS HAPPY.

Would Rather Be Working Than Off Duty.

### SCHOOLS BLAMED.

Lady Mathews' Reason for Scarcity of Maids.

"I am happier at my work than I am off duty," declared Miss Cheeseman, a servant of many years' experience, who gave evidence at the inquiry into domestic service at the Ministry of Labour yesterday.

"I only wish our employers were our friends," she said. "We should have a good time. It is the snobbery of our own class."

Lady Mathews, of Tunbridge Wells, said the scarcity of servants was due to the influence of our educational system.

"More time should be given in schools to domestic subjects," said Lady Mathews, "and girls should be taught the dignity and intellectual possibilities of home service." The Committee adjourned until June 28.

### LATE DINNER CHAMPION

Necessary for the Men When They Come Back From the City.

Miss Cheeseman complained of lack of respect from her own class and lack of freedom.

She said that when she entered domestic service thirty years ago servants were looked upon in a much higher light than they were to-day.

While she had a happy time in service, she knew many who had to work long hours and had very little free time.

They should be allowed free time to go where they liked and do what they liked. Servants who knew she was coming to the inquiry had entreated her to "do something to relieve the monotony and remove the stigma from our names."

She did not think girls minded the work, but they did mind being ridiculed.

She complained of "cliqueness" on the part of other working girls, she added.

Lady Mathews did not regard late dinner as a fetish. She thought it was a necessity.

"It is necessary for the men to have something when they come back from the jading work of the metropolis," she added.

Lady Mathews attributed the unpopularity of domestic service to the fact that it had never been recognised as a skilled profession. She regarded the questions of uniform, nomenclature, etc., as quite subsidiary.

"The uniform is affected by the profession, not the profession by the uniform," she stated.

"Domestic service should be the highest, and not the lowest, among professions open to women."

#### UNIFORMITY NEEDED.

It was essential that some uniformity should be arrived at with regard to hours and pay. She thought the elementary schools were not supplying the demand, and the educational authorities ought to keep more in touch with labour demands in the country.

More time should be given in schools to domestic subjects, and girls should be taught the dignity and intellectual possibilities of home service.

Every encouragement should be given by way of prizes and certificates, and every secondary school should have a domestic side equalling, if not superseding, the clerical side in importance. "Every single girl should learn to cook, or else cooks will become as extinct as the dodo," she added.

### DRUGGED DRINK STORY.

Chauffeur's Allegation in Car Theft Charge Against Two Men.

How a chauffeur collapsed at the wheel after having given a drink by a passenger when on a trip from London to Cambridge with three men and two women in this car was told at Westminster yesterday.

Henry Glibbery, the chauffeur, gave evidence in the case of Charles Arthur Hellier, twenty-two, and Albert Edward Marriot (alias Gary Hart), nineteen, who are charged with being concerned in stealing a car valued £1,200. There are further charges of theft and forgery against both men.

Glibbery said Hellier repeatedly asked him to have a drink, but he declined. At Welwyn he had a whisky and soda.

Mr. Matthews (for Hellier): Is it your suggestion that the drink was tampered with?

It must have been.

Hart got on the seat beside him at Welwyn, said witness, and he remembered, as he collapsed, the car swerving into a hedge and Hart seizing the steering wheel.

"My mind is from just after 6 p.m. until midnight," he said, "when I woke up on the front seat of another car in a Cambridge garage."

A garage hand said Hart was driving when the car reached a Cambridge garage. He was told to get that Glibbery did not touch the car. Adjourned.

## CARNIVAL THIEVES.

Gay-Clad Pickpockets Rob Police Chief's Wife.

### MOBSMEN'S RUSE.

Attired in fancy dress, pickpockets and swell mobsters are mixing with crowds at Blackpool carnival and reaping a rich harvest.

The wife of a Lancashire chief constable has been robbed of a set of furs.

Another woman found her pocket had been cut open and the purse taken.

### PRINCESS' BURIAL.

King and Queen at Simple Service at Winsor—All-Night Vigil.

With extreme simplicity, the funeral of Princess Christian took place at Windsor yesterday, attended by the King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, Princess Mary and other members of the Royal Family.

Overnight the body was placed in the Memorial Chapel, where during the hours of darkness Sisters of Mercy kept silent vigil.

In the morning the coffin was taken on a gun carriage to St. George's Chapel.

The coffin was met at the west entrance by the choir and clergy. The King, as chief mourner, walked immediately behind the coffin.

Surrounded only by the immediate mourners, the coffin was lowered through the stone floor and removed to the royal vaults, where it was placed beside that of Prince Christian.

### "ENEMIES OF WOMEN."

Land and Sea War Thrills in New Film at Empire Theatre.

By Our Film Critic.

Cinema thrills succeeded revue at the Empire Theatre, Leicester-square, last night, when "Enemies of Women," based on Elasco Ibanez' famous novel, opened for a short season.

The American actor, Lionel Barrymore, plays the leading part of Prince Lubimoff, while Almas Rubens is the fascinating Duchess de Lille.

Episodes in an exceptionally exciting film include the torpedoing of ships by a submarine, the shooting down of an aeroplane in flames, and realistic over-the-top scenes in France.

In a picture depicting the sacking of a Russian palace some thrilling fighting has been well photographed.

### SCOUTS' GRIM RESOLVE.

Young Lad Charged with Attempted Suicide—Story of Nagging.

A bright, intelligent-looking boy scout, Frank Sulherst, fifteen, charged with attempted suicide, only told the Reddall magistrates yesterday that he intended to take his life because his grandmother nagged him.

It was stated that he had some words with his grandmother, and when she went out he turned on the gas oven and put his head inside. He was found unconscious.

He told the magistrate he was fed up with nagging and was discharged with a warning.

### GALLANT MINE RESCUE.

Two Men Fight Way Through Flooded Pit to Save Comrades.

The story of a gallant rescue of three men in a mine comes from Carlisle (Lancashire). At the Hyndshair pit three men working at a coal face suddenly found water breaking through from an old working and rushed to safety.

Three others working further back were, however, cut off by the great volume of water pouring along the road.

The under-manager and a fireman, making their way along an old road, were able to reach the hole made by the water.

Although there was only a space of 8 in. between the top of the water and the roof, they succeeded in getting to the three men and brought them out after three hours' imprisonment.

### HORSES AS TARGETS.

One Found with 100 Pellets Fired from a Shot Gun in its Side.

Two cart-horses—one a prizewinner—belonging to a well-known Shropshire farmer, Mr. George Martin, of Pensfold, Ellesmere, were found injured in a field yesterday.

One had about 100 pellets in its side and the other had been shot in the hindquarters.

### CHILD DANCERS' MATINEE.

Elf-like child dancers delighted a crowded audience at the Court Theatre yesterday, when the Misses Stainer and Sinclair gave a matinee in aid of the Invalid Children's Aid Association.

"Nursery Rhymes" was one of the prettiest features, but the most effective was an illustration of Saint-Saëns' "La Cygne" by Miss Joan Durrant.

## DIVORCE REPORTS.

Committee Appointed to Consider Bill.

### PENALTIES PROPOSED.

The Select Committee to consider Sir Evelyn Cecil's Bill to regulate the publication of Divorce Court reports was completed yesterday.

The Committee will, writes *The Daily Mirror* political correspondent, consist of Sir Evelyn Cecil, Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, Sir Thomas Baines, Mr. J. D. Cassels, K.C., Lord Almsley, Sir Herbert Field, K.C., Mr. McCurdy, K.C., Mr. Jowitt, K.C., Mr. G. D. Hardie, Mr. G. H. Warner, and the Rev. H. Dummico.

The Bill consists of one clause only. The judicial proceedings to which it applies are those dealing with dissolution of marriage, nullity of marriage and judicial separation.

Punishments for breaches of the proposed law suggested are:—

1. On summary conviction a term of imprisonment not exceeding three months or a fine not exceeding £100, or both; or
2. On conviction on indictment, a term of imprisonment not exceeding one year or a fine not exceeding £200, or both.

The first sitting of the Committee will probably be held next week.

### BOY'S ROOF ADVENTURE

Found Clutching Hold of a Gutter Fifty Feet Above the Pavement.

The story of how a nine-years-old boy hung perilously from a gutter on the roof of the police buildings in New-street, Bishopsgate, E.C., fifty feet above stone pavements, has just leaked out.

The police deny any knowledge of the boy's adventure, but the facts as gathered from neighbours are:—

George Taylor, the son of an ex-police sergeant, was playing on the flat roof of the police buildings when a dog frightened him. He ran to climb over an iron gate when he fell, slipped through the guard rail and rolled down the roof at last managed to save himself by catching hold of the gutter.

He hung there until his cries attracted a boy, who supported him until a police-sergeant rescued him by clutching hold of the collar of his coat.

### RAMSGATE'S GARDENS.

Pleasure Ground Opened by M.P. for Thanet—Woman's Generous Gift.

The ceremonial opening of the new "Winter-stokes" ground at Ramsgate was performed yesterday by the Hon. Esmond Harnsworth, M.P. for the Isle of Thanet. Dame Janet Stancombe-Wills, by whose munificence the laying out of the grounds on the cliffs at Ramsgate became possible, has accepted the invitation to be the president.

The Winterstokes ground will supplement the gardens at Cliftonville, where concerts are given and there are facilities for various kinds of sport.

### GET RID OF THE PANELS

Doctors Should Be Paid Only for Services, Says Mr. Lovat Fraser.

A vigorous and outspoken article—"Get Rid of the Panels" by Mr. Lovat Fraser on the panel system, will appear in to-morrow's *Sunday Pictorial*.

He holds that all insured persons should have freedom to choose their own doctors, and that doctors should be paid only for services actually rendered.

The interests of the public and the medical profession would best be served, he says, by sweeping away the clumsy panel system, or by entirely reconstructing it.

Other interesting articles by well-known writers also appear in to-morrow's issue.

### STRAW HAT DRAMA.

Tragic Hint in Note Left Near River—Who Is "Charlie"?

Found in a straw hat on the river bank at Whitteley, Cambs., a note ran:—

"Dear Mother and Dad,—This is the best way to end it all. Meet you in the next world."

"Chas."

Dragging operations by the police so far have failed to probe the mystery of the writer.

### FIRE STAMPEDE.

Five Workers Badly Hurt in Dash from Burning Factory.

Four girls and a man were seriously injured in an outbreak of fire in Glasgow yesterday morning in the bedding department of the Scottish Wholesale Co-operative Society's premises.

The fire originated in the top story of a four-storied building.

Alarmed at the flames, the girl workers, numbering about twenty, made a mad rush for the stairway, and in the stampede several of them were knocked down.

## FORCED TO WED BY SPY CHARGE.

Dutch Woman's Defence to Divorce Petition.

### WAR DRAMA.

Wanted to Remarry English Naval Officer.

That the Dutch wife of an English officer was forced to marry bigamously a German baron under threat of being shot as a spy was the remarkable statement made by counsel in the Divorce Court yesterday.

Sir Henry Duke had before him the petition of Engineer-Commander George Douglas Campbell for the dissolution of his marriage on the ground of alleged misconduct between his wife, Marie Aleide Campbell, and Hans Kurt Baron Treusch von Buttlar-Brandenburg, now dead.

Mrs. Campbell, who was stated to be the daughter of a colonel in the Dutch Army, denied misconduct, but admitted the bigamous marriage.

In a letter Mrs. Campbell wrote to her husband from Germany, where she went when he broke out, she claimed that by German law she was still his wife. The hearing was adjourned.

### DECREE IN HOLLAND.

Poignant Letter from Germany—"Could Have Killed the Brute."

Mr. Bucknill, for petitioner, said Mrs. Campbell's maiden name was Schutt, and the marriage was at The Hague in 1909. Four years later Mrs. Campbell obtained a decree in Holland on the unfounded charge of misconduct.

After this decree was pronounced she and petitioner stayed together in London for a couple of days. Mrs. Campbell went to Germany with her father in August, 1914.

In October, 1915, she went through a ceremony of marriage in Germany with the co-respondent, who was a Lieutenant in the German reserve of officers, and in November, 1918, she obtained a divorce from the co-respondent.

When she next saw petitioner at Plymouth in 1919 she wanted him to marry her again.

In a letter she wrote: "You call marriage what is put on paper, but to me marriage is only what one feels oneself. We only have to take the scraps of paper into consideration for the sake of others—possibly children."

Counsel added that, as Commander Campbell declined to apply to have the Dutch decree set aside, she herself obtained an annulment of it.

Commander Campbell, in cross-examination, said he believed the Dutch decree to be valid, and assisted in obtaining it to the extent of not denying the charge. He added he wrote to her after her marriage with the co-respondent.

Mr. Willis, for Mrs. Campbell, said she was charged as a spy in Germany, and the co-respondent, a member of one of the oldest German families, said he would have her shot if she did not marry him.

Mrs. Campbell said counsel, in 1918, wrote to petitioner:—"I was seized, and had to fight like hell to get free. As he (co-respondent) was being out he should not be back to you Englishmen—go to the Skager Rack, the fishes are eating his body there. I could have killed the brute with pleasure."



Mrs. M. A. Campbell

### OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF

Week-End Forecast.—Showery at first with north-west winds, improving later. Lighting-up time, 10.16 p.m.

Astor-avenue is the name of a Dover by-pass road opened last night by Major Astor, M.P.

A choir of 4,000 will take part in the Crystal Palace Handel Festival, which begins to-day.

£200 from Sweepstakes.—The Stock Exchange Derby sweepstakes promoters have sent £200 to the Royal National Lifeboat Institution.

Tottenham War Memorial.—Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, unveils Tottenham war memorial to-morrow at 3 p.m.

Mrs. Croker Wins.—A Dublin jury yesterday found for Mrs. Bula Croker on all issues in the Boss Croker will suit, the judge decreeing probate on the will.

Anonymous £25,000 Gift.—An anonymous gift of £25,000 has been made to Ley School, Cambridgeshire, conditionally on an endowment fund of £50,000 being raised.

£1,000 Whist Winners.—Mrs. Sally Gipson, of Osmaston-road, Derby, and Mr. Harold Kirtton, of Greyfriars, Stafford, yesterday won the women's and men's £1,000 prizes in St. Dunstan's and men's tournament at Olympia from 750,000 competitors.

Mitcham Pond Mystery.—That he had committed suicide but that there was not sufficient evidence to show the state of his mind, was the verdict entered by a coroner yesterday at an inquest on Sidney Quarrington, nineteen, whose body was found in Mitcham pond.



# STAMBULISKY KILLED AFTER CAPTURE BY TROOPS

**Bulgaria's Fugitive Premier Shot in Fusillade—"I Wish to Surrender."**

## STORY OF PLOT TO TAKE THRONE FROM KING

**To Be Crowned As Alexander II. on September 13—Crowd's Efforts to Lynch Him When Taken Prisoner**

M. Stambulisky, the ex-Premier of Bulgaria, overthrown by the revolution, has been captured and killed (says Reuter) in a fusillade.

A strange story of his plot to become King of Bulgaria is alleged to have been brought to light by discoveries by Government troops. Stambulisky, it is stated, was planning to force King Boris to abdicate in his favour, and had proposed to have himself crowned on September 13 as King Alexander II. of Slavovitz, at the Alexander Nevsky Cathedral.

Conflicting reports arrive regarding the conditions in Bulgaria. Government dispatches say peace prevails all over the country, and order is being maintained perfectly. Other reports say Stambulisky's peasant partisans are clamouring at the gates of Sofia in a determined attempt to take the city. The town of Sumen is reported to have fallen to the peasants.

The ex-Premier was captured on Thursday near Slavovitz, and attempts were made by a crowd to lynch him. He had offered to surrender.

## PEASANTS PURSUE CAR OF M. POINCARÉ'S REPLY TO CAPTURED EX-PREMIER.

**Stambulisky Killed by Fusillade of Shots.**

### ON WAY TO SOFIA.

In announcing the shooting of Stambulisky, the Bulgarian semi-official agency says:—

"Stambulisky was captured at seven o'clock yesterday morning at the village of Golak by a party of troops.

"The late Premier addressed the commander of the troops saying he wanted to surrender.

"At three in the afternoon Stambulisky was taken in a motor-car from Vetren to Tatar Pazarjik, where the crowd hooted him and wanted to lynch him. To avoid eventual incidents Stambulisky was removed.

"On the village of Slavovitz being passed a party of armed peasants attacked the car. Orders were at once given for his arrest and transfer to Sofia under a good escort.

"In the course of the pursuit a fusillade occurred in which Stambulisky was killed.

"The Government deeply regrets what has happened, and has given orders for a searching inquiry.—Reuter.

### CORONATION PLANS.

**Stambulisky's Arrangements To Be Crowned King in September.**

The ex-Premier had been in flight for some days, and, according to an Exchange message, the Sofia Press are publishing details of an alleged plot by him to force King Boris to abdicate in his favour.

The reports declare the ex-Premier had proposed to be crowned in the Alexander Nevsky Cathedral as King Alexander II. of Slavovitz on September 13, 1923.

Searching his residence in Sofia, the military authorities found four million levais in foreign currencies and twenty million levais in Bulgarian money.

Reuter terms that the following telegram regarding the situation in Bulgaria was received by the Bulgarian Legation yesterday:—

"Peace and order prevails throughout Bulgaria, and there have been no attempts to cause disturbances.

"The numerous contradictory reports that have been spread with regard to trouble in Bulgaria and opposition against the new Government must be treated with great caution. There is no foundation for them."

Bukarest telegrams to the Exchange report that the town of Sumen has been taken by peasants who are Stambulisky's partisans. A serious encounter took place between the peasants and the revolutionaries.

According to a cable received at the new Bulgarian Legation in Paris, M. Stambulisky's partisans are at the gates of Sofia in a determined attempt to take the city.

### HORSE'S WINNING HAT-TRICK.

Caogan Lily, a horse owned by Miss K. Gillespie, of Cavendish-square, completed a winning hat-trick at the Richmond Horse Show yesterday when it secured the prizes for hacks over fifteen hands.

It won the Ranelagh Horse Show prize on Wednesday, and the novice hack class prize on Thursday.

### OUR RUHR QUESTIONS.

France's reply to the British questionnaire forwarded to Paris on Wednesday is not expected for some days, as the document is a very detailed one and not of a character that can be answered without careful study.

The Paris *Matin* states that the French answer is ready, but before sending it to London M. Poincaré wished to send it to Brussels.

As Brussels has received a document somewhat similar from London, the Belgian Government would be in a position to send to London a reply on practically identical terms.

### SEEKING JOINT REPLY.

M. Poincaré has informed the Belgian Government (says the Exchange) that he wishes France and Belgium to make a joint reply to the memorandum.

According to the *Echo de Paris* (which Reuter quotes) the points of the French programme on which the British have asked for explanations are:—

1.—Regarding the cessation of passive resistance:—

(a) The French request for the withdrawal of decrees and orders issued by the German Government since the Ruhr occupation, and for an amnesty to be granted to all Germans sentenced by German courts for complying with the decisions of the Rhineland High Commission or French tribunals.

### WHEN RESISTANCE CEASES.

(b) The French demand that promises shall be made by the German Government not to carry out reprisals against those Germans who complied with orders of the occupying authorities, that work be resumed by the railwaymen, and that instructions be issued by the German Government to its nationals recommending submission to decrees of the High Commission and to the decisions of military tribunals.

2.—Regarding the measures to be adopted as soon as German resistance shall have ended for the most profitable working of the Ruhr industries and a settlement of the reparations question.

### TWO PREMIERS TO MEET?

"One thing London must understand," says the *Matin*, "is that France will be happy if Great Britain associates herself with her and Belgium in demanding the cessation of passive resistance, but that she has arrived at a time when such association is not indispensable to her."

"If Mr. Baldwin could find time to come to Paris," adds the paper, "M. Poincaré would be very pleased to confer with him, but it must be tête-à-tête. Less than ever now must we have those conferences which merely resulted in weakening the position of the Allies in regard to Germany."

### MONOPLANE RECORD.

**Pilot Reaches Height of 2,350ft. in Air Ministry Test at Lytham.**

The Wren, a tiny monoplane built by an English electrical company for the Air Ministry, flew at Lytham yesterday for 1h. 8m., and broke the altitude record for this class of machine.

Climbing to 2,350ft. in the Air Ministry test, Mr. Maurice Wright, the pilot, used during the test seven-eighths of a gallon of petrol.



M. Stambulisky, the captive ex-Premier of Bulgaria, has been shot dead while attempting to escape.

## TWO GOLFERS BREAK A RECORD AT TROON.

**Kirkwood and Smith Each Go Round in 69.**

### BRITISH PLAYERS' FIGHT.

Twenty thousand people on the golf course at Troon yesterday watched the concluding stages of one of the most open and exciting championships ever played.

Yesterday's play resolved itself into a struggle between two young British players, Charles Whitcombe and Arthur Havers; two Americans, Walter Hagen and Macdonald Smith, and an Australian, Joseph Kirkwood.

Unfortunately, there was an accident at the fourth tee. As George Gadd was driving a man moved into the fairway, and was struck on the forehead by a hard-driven ball.

He fell to the ground, but, though badly stunned, his injury was not as serious as was at first thought, and after a time he was able to walk back to the clubhouse.

In the fourth and vital round Arthur Havers led the field by one shot, having returned another wonderfully steady round of 73.

Whitcombe and Kirkwood tied for second place, and then came Walter Hagen. Smith and Kirkwood had played themselves into the front by breaking the record with returns of 69 each.

Smith, who bears a striking resemblance to Jack Hutchinson, needed only the par figures for the last two holes. But he was off the green at the short seventeenth and took 4.

Hagen struggled in his usual desperate manner, but he had only one bad hole. This was the centre, where he was in a bunker from the tee, and in playing out landed in a gorse bush.

Whitcombe reached the turn with the fine score of 34.

### M. THEUNIS TO REMAIN?

**Report That Belgian Ex-Premier Will Form New Cabinet.**

Several Belgian newspapers declare that the King has charged M. Theunis with the formation of a new Cabinet, and that the latter has been given time to consider the matter, says Reuter.

### STRAW HAT DRAMA.

**Tragic Hint in Note Left Near River—Who Is "Charlie"?**

Found in a straw hat on the river bank at Whitlesey, Cambs., a note ran:—

"Dear Mother and Dad,—This is the best way to end it all. Meet you in the next world."

Dragging operations by the police so far have failed to probe the mystery of the writer, whose identity is unknown.

### GIRL MOTHERS' NEED.

**Bishop Asks for Church Funds to Start Maternity Home.**

The Bishop of St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich, Dr. David, is urging Church people to raise funds to establish in his diocese a maternity home, which, he says, is more particularly needed for unmarried mothers.

Dr. David frankly admits that he anticipated objections to such a scheme, but says that it was carefully considered before being put forward.

He thinks that results would be better if such homes were established by private enterprise rather than by the Government, which might help by a grant from State funds.

Dr. David recently startled his diocese by saying he intended to go to Newmarket races to learn more about racing before he should condemn racing as wicked.

## OTLEY SWEEPSTAKE PROMOTER IN COURT.

**Charge of Illegal Sale of Lottery Tickets.**

### POLICE "WARNING."

**Two Magistrates Quit Bench When Case Is Called.**

Charged with "unlawfully selling tickets in a lottery not authorised by Parliament," Mr. Archibald Britton, secretary of the Otley Unionist Club, which promoted the famous Otley Derby Sweepstake, appeared at the local police court yesterday.

When the case was called two of the ten magistrates rose and left the bench.

The proceedings were taken under the Lottery Act, and the specific instances in the summonses related to two people who were alleged not to be members of the Otley Unionist Club or any affiliated club.

It will be remembered that the sweepstake assumed gigantic proportions, the first prize amounting to over £30,000. In all, the prize money came to £78,000, and it has now been paid out.

Tickets were taken by people in all parts of the country.

Mr. R. A. Shepherd, barrister, prosecuted for the police, and Mr. Arthur W. M.P., of Leeds, undertook the defence. There was a bench of eight magistrates, of which Mr. W. H. Barker was chairman.

### 180,000 TICKETS SOLD.

Mr. Shepherd, opening the case for the prosecution, explained that the proceedings were taken under Section 41 of the Lotteries Act, 1823, which absolutely prohibited the sale of tickets for a lottery to anybody.

The number of tickets sold was 180,000. The news of this sweepstake became widely spread, and on May 10 the secretary was warned by Superintendent Oldroyd that the sweepstake was illegal, and he asked him to abandon it.

There appeared, he said, to be an impression among the public that a lottery could be conducted if confined to members of clubs, but anyone who sold tickets in a lottery was liable, whether a member of a club or not.

After the police warning the secretary said he would call a meeting of the committee, but pointed out that, so far as they could, they were trying to confine the tickets to members of the club or the affiliated clubs.

"I submit there is no possible defence to these proceedings," said Mr. Shepherd. He added: "It is not for me to suggest whether it is a serious case or not. That is your province."

Evidence of the purchase of a ticket was given by Police-Constable Jerome.

"Suppose it had won the sweep. What would you have done with the money?" asked Mr. Willey.

"I don't know," replied the witness. "I suppose it would not have been mine. It would have gone to the orphanage."

### "POLICE SWEEPSTAKE."

Do you know there was a sweepstake organised by the police at this Riding on Derby Day in aid of the Police Orphanage?—I did not know.

Don't you think it would have been better for them to commence at home and to have taken proceedings against themselves?—I do not know.

Mr. Willey: Do you know the police have had many sweepstakes? The first prize has been as much as £250, the sweep being for police and prison officers?—I do not know.

Mr. Willey: It is rather ironical.

Constable Redfern admitted that he wrote for tickets from a fictitious address.

"Why did you add, 'Hoping you will oblige an old Constable'?" asked Mr. Willey.

"Was that true?"—No, sir.

Mr. Willey: I don't know what your policies are. Possibly you have none?—I have none.

Mr. Willey: Then you are a lucky man; but what was your object in putting in your letter.

"From an old Conservative?—I thought I should stand a better chance."

Mr. Willey said Mr. Britton was a mere figurehead, and he could not be the secretary of the club, because he happened to be the secretary of the club.

"Although we have seen a deluge of interesting matter in the newspapers," he added, "there is no evidence before the Court to prove that a lottery has in fact taken place."

### NAUGHTY GIRL'S WEALS.

**Vicar Fined 10s. for Striking Child Who Was Disobedient.**

The Rev. George Warlow, vicar of Ayr, Dean Forest, was convicted at Little Dean Sessions yesterday and fined 10s. for striking a nine-year-old schoolgirl on June 7.

Evidence was given that the child was very disobedient and disorderly, and Mr. Warlow was sent for as the child's behaviour continued.

Mr. Warlow, who pleaded guilty, acknowledged that the three slight weals which the doctor had referred to were the result of his chastisement.



## LADIES' BOUDOIR

A FEAST OF HATS—FOULARD FANCIES.

AScot is above everything a festival of hats, and busy little milliners, with their mouths full of pins, are now putting the last touch to a lace veil and arranging for the umpteenth time the blush rose that is to nestle in its folds.

## QUITE PLAIN.

I've been viewing the duckiest little hats of black shiny satin, trimmed with a straight, hanging black lace veil, whose only pretension to distinction lies in a certain chic and indefinable "line." Line changes more than anything else in hats, as you'll soon see if you place one of these little models against last year's black hat, which you hardly wear at all, and have fond hopes of appearing in again this Ascot.

## TWO VARIETIES.

The other varieties are mostly light-weight straw dipping down in that ever so becoming way side of the face and cut right away at the back.



Tufts of feather adorn this smart little hat, which shows a rather unusual line.



A small, well-fitting black satin hat is always smart trimmed with a feather mount or ribbon.

They are either weighted by two ostrich plumes crossed against the crown in front and sweeping down each side below the brim, or, which is less dressy, but more youthful, a mass of highly coloured fruit round the crown, which looks as though you'd sought inspiration for your hat trimming by robbing every apple orchard in Kent.

## MAUVE THE COLOUR.

During the last week mauve has sprung up everywhere with incredible swiftness. We never thought we'd have an orchid Ascot, but now it looks as though we shall, and almond green put quite in the shade.

## FOULARD AGAIN.

The Frenchwoman wears foulard irrespective of seasons—and it's such a cool, charming material I'm not surprised. We shall wear it this year in the form of swathings to our sun-helmet hats and little peaked housemaids' aprons swung on to hip scarves.

## PHILLIDA.

CM22

**CADBURY'S Milk Chocolate**

"YOU CAN TASTE THE CREAM"

NEAPOLITAN PACKETS 3<sup>d</sup> 6<sup>d</sup> 1<sup>d</sup>

See the name "CADBURY" on every piece of Chocolate

**Immaculate!**  
because cleaned with "Blanco"  
White Cleaner—not streaky  
and powdery, but a smooth,  
firm finish of perfect whiteness.  
"Blanco" will not rub off.

"Keeps white shoes white."

**'BLANCO' LIQUID WHITE CLEANER**

From All Boot and Shoe Dealers, Athletic Outfitters, Stores, Grocers, Ironmongers, etc.  
Sole Makers are  
J. PICKERING & SONS, Ltd., Sheffield.

"BLANCO" is now put in liquid form, for use in a bottle, as in the form of metal sponges, at 6d. and 9d. and separate cakes at 2d. each.

"BLANCO" is now put in liquid form, for use in a bottle, as in the form of metal sponges, at 6d. and 9d. and separate cakes at 2d. each.

**FIRST HOT—THEN COLD!**  
**NERVOUSNESS**  
**TIMIDITY, BLUSHING**

YOU can now be cured permanently in 2 days of any form of Nerve or Heart Troubles, Blushing, Sudden Paleness, Self-Consciousness, Tremor, Nervousness, Depression, Insomnia, etc. The Genuine Cure is very simple, pleasant and will not hurt in any way, but it is not to be taken lightly. Write at once for details. Will be sent FREE by post, if you mention "The Daily Mirror" in your letter. Write to: ST. ANDREW'S DISPENSARY, 12, All Saints' Road, St. Andrew's-on-Sea.

**WINDUP FITTINGS ARE**  
**BRITISH MADE—SILENT**  
**SALESMEN.**

1023—Pat. Saville Clip sample 1/3, post free.

Nickelled in 2, 4, 6 & 8 inch lengths.

**WABRA**  
1400—Pat. Saville Clip sample 1/3, post free.

**NICKELLED BLOWERS**  
1400—Pat. Saville Clip sample 1/3, post free.

**FEATHER STANDS**  
1400—Pat. Saville Clip sample 1/3, post free.

**SAFETY**  
1400—Pat. Saville Clip sample 1/3, post free.

**SAFETY**  
1400—Pat. Saville Clip sample 1/3, post free.

## PERSONAL.

Rate is, per word minimum 8s.; name and address must be sent. Trade advice 1s. 6d. per word. THINGS desperate. No luck. Watch paper—Nin. SIGNET—No news. Hope all well, dearest; love thoughts always. SHELBY—Not mean, you never forget dearest, letter all right; greatly relieved. SUPERFLOORS hair permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only—Miss Florence Wood, 29, Granville-gardens, Shepherd's Bush, W.12. Mr. Tubb. COPIES of photographs appearing in "The Daily Mirror" may be purchased by readers at the usual prices on application to the office. GREY hairs—Touch up the first ones with Tatcho-Toner trial phial 8d.—Tatcho-Tone, 5, Great Queen-st. W.C.

**HOLIDAY APARTMENTS AND HOTELS.**  
**ISLE OF MAN** for Holidays—Bracing air, beautiful scenery; all sports and amusements; illus. guide and callings free; also apartment list, W. Clague, 27, Immaculate, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 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# Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1923.

## THAT DAILY POSTBAG.

THE third woman Member of Parliament, Mrs. Philipson, has recounted her "impressions" of her first weeks in the House of Commons.

We are not surprised to hear that letters "keep pouring in" upon her from all parts of the country and on all sorts of matters. [This is the penalty of "position"—especially in the case of a pioneer.

But indeed a woman (or a man) hardly needs to be very celebrated in order to receive that sort of letter.

As soon as any mortal stands out an inch or two above his fellows, he or she will become the target for that vast body of seekers who cannot find consolation in their own circles.

There must be millions of these yearning souls!—most of them willing, at a moment's notice, to write to anybody about anything.

Do they know, do they realise the amount of work they thrust upon busy people?

They do not. Each of them imagines himself to be the sole unknown correspondent of the selected victim. Hence their indignation if the victim should not reply. What have the more or less celebrated to do? Surely they exist only to answer letters, to distribute information, to administer first aid, or even to advance sums (as the moneylenders put it) between ten and ten thousand pounds? Silence, then, implies contempt. It is an insult to the suppliant.

The suppliant thereupon writes again—less politely. And then again—rather rudely. And at last with a frankness known as "giving him a piece of one's mind."

Some of the distinguished bear it all in continued silence. Others amazingly reply to every letter—compare Mr. Gladstone with his postcards. Others still keep a printed form remarking, perhaps, that the "matter shall be attended to."

It rarely is. But the message keeps the unknown correspondent quiet for a while. And after a while he will probably have found a new subject on which to write to a still newer celebrity.

## THE WORST BOOK.

AN amusing controversy has been going on in Paris lately concerning the enormous number of "prizes" that have gradually accumulated for the reward of literary talent.

The French Academy annually distributes thousands of francs in this way. Certain enterprising newspapers contribute to the craze. Ambitious persons, like the mysterious Sir Basil Zaharoff, join in. And lately there was a little scandal. A gentleman founded a prize for the best novel of the year, and was accused of awarding it to a novel by himself.

Prizes of this kind are advertisements, you understand, rather than monetary encouragements; for often the sum allotted is about enough to provide for a déjeuner of congratulation to one's friends at Foyot's or Larue's.

But the complaint is that, as there are so many prizes, books get this advertisement without in the least deserving it: books of no literary merit whatsoever. And, in derision of the whole tendency, a well-known critic has now founded an annual prize for the worst novel published during the year!

Will there be any competitors?

Undoubtedly! Any advertisement is better than none. It is something to have written the worst book—better, at least, than to have written one that nobody notices at all.

W. M.

## THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

Why Heed Gossip?—Love and Literature—"Vitamines" in Food—Tying a Dress Tie—The Morning Tub.

### "DEMONSTRATIONS."

MAY I plead also for a demonstration in the art of hair-cutting?

It might assist the young barber. I note that many barbers cut hair very badly. But, apart from that, I should like to be able to cut my own hair—or at any rate to clip it at the sides. But this, I suppose, would never be approved of by the hairdressing profession.

Victoria-street, Westminster. UNTIDY HAIR.

### DRESS TIES.

I WAS amused by your reference to the need for a "demonstration" in the art of tying a dress tie.

For many years in my youth I fumbled with the detestable things. With age vanity died down, and I resigned myself to getting them ready-made. Your younger male readers will cry out in horror. Let them! I am too old to

### WHAT SHOULD WE EAT?

ONE is continually being told what not to eat. Perhaps somebody will tell us exactly what we should eat at each meal.

I am afraid that if we stopped to think out which dishes contained "vitamines" and which did not, we should eat very little and make ourselves ill.

I always scan the menu at restaurants and order just what I fancy—so long as the particular dish isn't too expensive. Yet I am quite healthy.

HEARTY APPELITE.

### THE GOSSIPING SEX.

GOSSIP undoubtedly does much harm. If people can only gossip, they shouldn't talk at all.

I often think that it would be a good plan to revive the old-time punishments for women who talk too much about others.

We should do all we can to prevent idle talk.

## WHY WE ARE LATE FOR OUR APPOINTMENTS.



Because the congestion of traffic in the streets reaches its height at this time of year—mainly on account of the slow horse-drawn vehicles which hold up hundreds of the swifter sort.

be bothered. And my present dress ties look much neater than the old ones used to.

Oakwood-court, S.W. F. W. D.

### "TOO MANY NOVELS."

MANY people who read a good deal never read novels at all. Miss Willoughby may not meet them. But they exist.

I read about half a dozen new novels each year. The others are old ones—classics. And of these I much prefer the non-sentimental sort.

A GREAT READER.

### "HEAVY" BOOKS.

SOME people take a delight in wading through a book in which they are not really interested.

"Oh! I always like to finish a book," they say if you ask them why.

If a book fails to interest me I stop reading it at once. There is no pleasure in continuing when one is bored.

C. E.

### LATE-COMERS.

PERHAPS it is useless to try and prevent late-comers at the theatre, even though they are a nuisance.

After all, they pay big prices for their seats, and surely are entitled to come and go when they please.

But they might show a little consideration for others!

M. J.

This world of ours would be infinitely brighter if there wasn't so much gossiping and scandalising.

Men, as well as women, can gossip, though I should not like to say which sex is most skilful at this form of entertainment.

ONE WHO HATES GOSSIP.

### BATHS AND TUBS.

PROBABLY the morning "tub" is healthier than the bath. One fingers too long in a luxurious bath.

In the case of a tub one just jumps in, sponges, and out again. This is a tonic for the nerves.

AN ENGLISHMAN.

### IN MY GARDEN.

JUNE 15.—One of the reasons why rhododendrons and azaleas sometimes bear but few flowers is that seed pods are allowed to form on the bushes. Directly these subjects have finished flowering the faded blooms should be carefully removed.

Since the roots of rhododendrons and azaleas lie close to the surface, a top dressing of old manure and leaf-mould does much good and helps to keep the soil cool and moist during the summer.

Also cut away the faded flowers from choice lilacs, and prune back shrubs like deutzias and weigelas to healthy new growths.

E. F. T.

## EVENING DINNERS FOR GOOD HEALTH.

WHY THE BEST MEAL SHOULD BE THE LAST.

By E. F. FORSTER.

AMONGST the latest absurdities of "evidence" put before the dawdling Domestic Servant Committee is the suggestion that evening dinner should be abolished.

Councillor Jessie Stephens appears to be amongst those who don't "hold by" this traditional meal. It's a "fetish." We don't really want it. At any rate, servants don't—those entirely imaginary servants whose woes and whims are voiced at interminable length by the prattlers before the Committee. No doubt they will soon have it that we oughtn't to eat at all.

But as to late dinner—let me say this: the reasons that recommend it are many. Chiefly they are reasons of health.

It is better for our health that the chief meal should be taken at the end of the working day, when, as Longfellow said, the cares that infest it

Fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.

When the long day's work is over, when the office is locked up and the problems connected therewith are dismissed from the mind, then is the body in a condition to deal with the most important meal of the day.

### WORRY AND WORK.

Business worries and cares are the worst of company at the dinner table.

They interfere with the flow of the gastric juice, they draw the blood away from the stomach, which needs it when it is grappling with a substantial meal, and the result is a disordered digestive system and much consequent misery.

The enemies of late dinner apparently wish the busy professional man, or man of affairs, to take his principal meal in the middle of the day, which is absurd, as Euclid was fond of remarking. It is quite inevitable that he will take the business problems which have been worrying him all the morning with him to the table, which is about the worst thing that he could do.

Then, afterwards, when he is desirous of resuming his work, his brain is clouded with meat and drink, he feels heavy and sleepy, and emphatically not at his best. The result is bad work, and financial loss. The working-day has been cut in two and spoiled by a substantial meal, which, as hygiene and common sense alike dictate, should have been postponed till the evening.

For this very reason wise medical men condemn the "business lunch."

To take a man with whom you wish to do business out to a restaurant to lunch is a common practice, but the physician frowns upon it. The anxiety accompanying a business discussion has a most deleterious effect upon the digestion.

### DEATH TO HOSPITALITY.

Some of the best authorities on dietetics declare that you should allow at least an hour to elapse between work and dinner. How is this to be done if dinner is to be disposed of in the middle of the day? In order to enjoy a meal—and a meal which you do not enjoy does more harm than good—the business worries which have been your constant companions all day must be resolutely shut out.

A wise old doctor, known to the writer, advocated that any letters which arrived just before dinner should be left unopened till afterwards, lest they contained disturbing news. So highly did he value tranquillity and peace of mind at the dinner-table. Goethe, by the way, made the same remark about letters before breakfast.

Another strong reason against midday dinner is that busy men of the professional classes have very little time in the middle of the day. As a consequence, their dinner would have to be "bolted," with the most disastrous consequences to their poor digestive tracts. Do our midday meals wish us to be a nation of chronic dyspeptics?

Further, the reduction or abolition of the evening dinner would mean, for most of us, the death of amicable entertaining. Few of us men at any rate—could invite our friends home for any other meal. Tea-parties are for women. Lunch-parties also. Who would wish the habit of hospitality to be renounced by men?

### A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

No trial is beyond a man who has courage to meet it.—Goethe.



## THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD JOCKEY'S REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENT IN LINCOLNSHIRE RACES



Ted Saunders with his mother and baby brother.



The thirteen-year-old amateur jockey.



His father gives Ted a "leg-up" into the saddle.

Master Ted Saunders, of Long Buckby, Northamptonshire, achieved distinction by riding all the winners at Gedney Hill races. He was in such favour with the crowd that

the bookmakers in self-defence had to refuse to accept bets on horses ridden by him. This is certainly something to be proud of at thirteen years of age.—(Daily Mirror.)



**A PRIZEWINNER.**—The first prizewinning Pomeranian at the Royal Cornwall Agricultural Association's Show, Camborne. It is owned by Mr. Ford, of Truro, and also won first and special at Penzance Show.



**TIVERTON BY ELECTION.**—Colonel Acland Troyte, Conservative candidate for the Tiverton Division, finds a first-class joke while canvassing. He is opposed by his cousin and a Labour representative.



Mr. R. J. Wilson, M.P. for Jarrow, was taken suddenly ill during a Labour Party meeting in the House and was conveyed to Westminster Hospital.



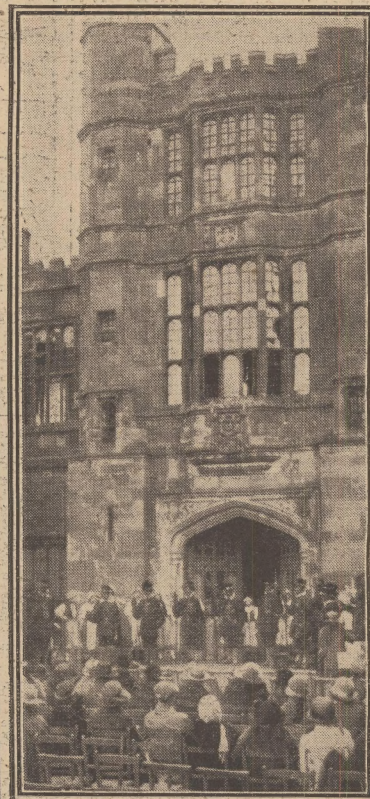
Mr. V. R. Price, double Blue of Oxford, who will be called to the Bar this week. He has been elected a member of the Rugby Union committee.



Jack Point's dance with Elsie Maynard, with the ancient gateway of the court for background.

**"GILBERT AND SULLIVAN" IN IDEAL SURROUNDINGS.**—"The Yeomen of the Guard," played by the Studley Amateur Dramatic Society at Coughton Court, the his-

toric home of the Throckmorton family. The famous light opera was admirably rendered, and it has certainly never been presented under more pleasant conditions.—(D. M.)



Showing the picturesque stage setting.





Miss Nonny Lock, the original Jenny Diver in "The Beggar's Opera," is now playing at Hammersmith after three trips to America.



Mr. Jacques Hopkins, who is giving his first big song recital since the war at the Eolian Hall on the 19th of this month.

## ASCOT WEEK.

Poetry in Whitehall—Literary Cricket—Insuring Their Frocks.

THE KING and QUEEN leave town to-day for Windsor, which they will make their headquarters for Ascot. On their way they will visit the Horse Show in the Old Deer Park, where the King is exhibiting some of his best animals. A quiet week-end at Windsor will be a welcome rest for them before the races, which begin on Tuesday.

### Insuring Their Frocks.

It seems probable that Ascot's usual bad luck, so far as the weather is concerned, may be repeated this year. One shower can ruin a king's ransom's worth of clothing at this most brilliant meeting, and I believe that many women are insuring their frocks against rain. At any rate, I know of several husbands who have had to pay the insurance as well as the dress bills.

### Admiral Superintendent at Rosyth.

Vice-Admiral Sir John F. B. Green will, I learn, relinquish his office as Commanding Officer Coast of Scotland and Admiral Superintendent, Rosyth Dockyard, at the end of this month. Sir John, who took part in the Jutland Battle, thinks that Rosyth, although shorn of much of its war-time importance, will survive as a dockyard. But it will only be a small one.

### Once a Stockbroker.

M. Theunis, the Belgian Prime Minister, who has just resigned his office, was, before the war, a stockbroker on the Brussels Bourse. When the war broke out he served in the artillery; but the Harve Government sent him to England to buy war material. Though young, he is bald; and though not eloquent, he is recognised as an excellent man of business.

### Board of Trade Poets.

My reference to the little literary group at the Education Office has prompted a correspondent to remind me that the Board of Trade has had its own circle in literature. That prosaically named Department once numbered amongst its officials three of the most distinguished poets of the time—Edmund Gosse, Austin Dobson and Cosmo Monkhouse.

### "Elemental Expression."

Max Reinhardt, who has returned to Berlin after a visit to the States, has been converted by jazz. "All folk music (says he), and I consider jazz to be that, despite its extravagance, is just an expression of the elemental life and feelings of a people and is a symptom of a strong vital organism." Some people aver that only a strong vital organism can listen to it with impunity.

### Studying Art.

Lady Marjorie Murray, the debutante daughter of the Earl of Dunmore, is, I hear, studying art very seriously, and shows promise as a portrait painter. She is also turning her attention to designing. Her father has a house at Weybridge, and he and Lord Gort enjoy the distinction of being the only V.C. peers. He won it in the Tirah campaign.

### War Record.

During the European War he collected a D.S.O. and two more wounds. He served on the staff of the 39th Division, and was a familiar visitor to the front line in the Ypres Salient during the winter of 1910 and the spring of 1917. He was formerly a major in the 16th Lancers, and was at one time "A.D.C. to the Earl of Elgin, Viceroy of India.



Lady Marjorie Murray.

# TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

### New Golf Champion.

After a lapse of two years the golf championship comes back to England, and the new champion is one of the young school—A. G. Havers. He began golf at four, and is the son of the steward of the Royal Norwich Club. When Sandy Herd's post became vacant Havers was appointed professional to Combe Hill Golf Club, and within a week or so has justified the choice of the committee.

### Nerve-Racking Test.

The average golfer knows what a nerve-racking experience a card and pencil is in a monthly medal competition. How must the nerves of Havers, Hagen, Kirkwood and Whitcombe have tingled when in a steadily increasing gale they essayed that last round, Havers and Whitcombe to keep the cup in Britain, Hagen to carry it back to America with him, or Kirkwood to take it to Australia.

### U.S. in First Three.

It has been a wonderful championship. Macdonald Smith, an American who, with the thoroughness of his countrymen in matters of sport, has spent a couple of months at Troon steadily practising, almost put himself out of court by taking 80 for the first of the four rounds. Still, he broke record yesterday with a 69, and at the end was only two strokes worse than Havers, so that America got two men in the first three.

### Literary Cricket.

Mr. Stacy Ammonier, the distinguished short story writer, whose latest novel, "Miss Bracegirdle," bids fair to rival the success of "The Love-a-Duck and Other Stories," is astonishingly versatile. Like Alec Waugh, he is a keen cricketer and is a regular player at the Old Broughtonians' Cricket Week. He is also a gifted landscape painter, and for many years exhibited at the Academy and Royal Institute.



Mr. Stacy Ammonier.

### Inspiration.

He chooses some weird places to write. "Miss Bracegirdle" was written in a single room in a slum, of which not a soul knew the address, except his wife. He has a time limit for writing—never more than four hours a day, and never rewrites. If an idea does not develop naturally he scraps it.

### Historical Characters.

Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley will be taking her first part in a procession when she undertakes to dress up in the character of Henry IV.'s Queen, in the dance in aid of the Enham Village Centre on the 28th of this month. Others taking part will be Colonel Strachey and Lady Newnes, as William the Conqueror and Matilda respectively, Lord William Cecil as William III., and many others.

### Italian Premier's Novel.

M. Mussolini's novel, "Claudia Particella," which is to be filmed, appeared first in 1910 as a serial in the "Popolo" of Trent—a paper owned by Cesare Battisti, the famous Italian patriot who was hanged by the Austrians during the war. The scene of the story is laid in the "irredentist" city of Trent during 1649-50, and, as love and politics are the theme, the story should make a good picture. The Premier has abandoned all rights in the matter of production.

### Question of Names.

I simply do not believe the witness who told our Committee of Women that girls object to domestic service because they dislike being addressed by their Christian names. What they do sometimes object to is having their names arbitrarily changed by their mistresses, say from "Mary" to "Jane" because the name of "Mary" has been assigned to one of the daughters of the house; and that is an objection which I can understand.

### "Day Ladies."

Let me add that I have known many "day ladies"—ex-domestic servants who "oblige"—who, when asked what style of address would please them best, have replied that they would prefer to be called "Annie" or "Elizabeth" or whatever the name might be. Some, of course, prefer the distinction of being called Miss or Mrs.

### The King and the Fleet.

It is unlikely, I hear, that the King will inspect the Fleet at Torbay at the end of July. His only visit to the sea this year will be on the occasion of the Cowes Regatta, when he will spend most of his time on board the Britannia.

### Princess Louise in Town.

Princess Louise, the most beautiful of all Queen Victoria's daughters, who still retains much of her early charm, is now at Kensington Palace, and will remain in town for some time. She will not, however, be seen about much, owing to the death of her sister, to whom she was deeply attached.

### The Poor Players.

A North-Country man says he feels that the stinginess, not to say meanness, of which his compatriots are sometimes accused, is nothing to what he finds in London. For 21d. in a suburban park you may enjoy a capital pierrot show, with seat and programme; yet hundreds prefer to listen outside the enclosure, paying nothing.

### Gramophone Commands.

At a London dance club the other evening six girls were going through physical jerks to the commands of a Birley record which issues its instructions and music through a gramophone. This latest method of receiving physical training instruction is, I believe, becoming very popular.

### First Offender's Act!

A young dog belonging to the manager of a West End hotel caused some mild excitement yesterday. He got into the Park and took a fancy to two of the best-looking sheep, which he gleefully drove into Sloane-street. The unauthorised interference with the traffic—and the sheep—caused a policeman to take necessary action, and only the youth of the delinquent enabled his owner to escape dire penalties.



Miss Sheila Geere, of St. Moritz, Sutton, whose engagement to Mr. Austen Mansell, of Sutton, has been announced.



The Hon. Pamela Boscawen, whose aunt, Lady Portlyn, is giving a dance for her at a London hotel next month.

### Back from Paris.

Miss Marguerite Nielka, Lady Cowdray's clever niece, who has been in Paris all the spring with her mother, Mrs. Kinnell, is getting very busy and after one week at home she will be singing at Queen's Hall on the 27th.

### At Chesterfield House To-day.

The Committee of the National Art Collections Fund will enjoy a rare treat to-day when they visit Chesterfield House. Viscount Lascelles not only possesses many of the treasures belonging to the famous letter-writer, but has added to them by his own purchases.

### Memories.

Mr. Smilie, who is standing for Morpeth, must not pretend that he is not a revolutionist. During the war he called upon his comrades to "refuse to recognise the Coalition Government and at once form the Soviet Workers' Government, as the time is now arriving for the workers to control their own destiny." Not a revolution merely, but a revolution in the face of the enemy, is here recommended.

### An "Entente" Book.

M. André Maurois, who "created" that delightful character, Colonel Bramble, and afterwards, in a sequel, promoted him to the rank of general, has chosen Shelley as the subject of his latest novel, "Ariel on la Vis de Shelley," which has just appeared in Paris. The author is a cloth manufacturer at Elbeuf.

THE RAMBLER.

—“to do you good, and make your meals more nourishing.”

1 1/2 D only!



Only 1½d. for this magic little packet, which transforms milk into delicious cream-like Bird's Custard!

Thousands of housewives call it "the handy packet." It makes nearly a pint of Bird's Custard,—enough to give liberal helpings to an average family. With summer milk the cost is trifling.

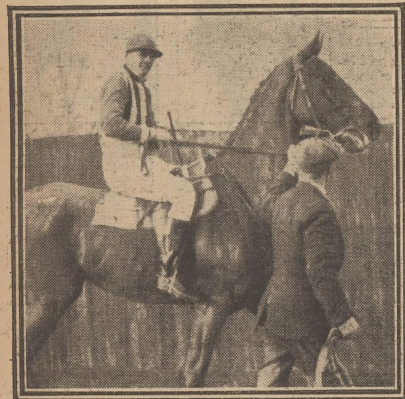
Bird's Custard is not only money-saving, but time-saving. With stewed fresh fruit, or a tin of fruit from the grocer's, it provides almost instantly a nourishing, satisfying, and delicious dish.

Bird's Custard goes like cream with Stewed Gooseberries or Cherries.

Also in 6½d. & 1/1 Silvered Boxes, and 1/6 Large Tins.



## 1,550 GUINEA SALE



Libretto, bought for 1,550 guineas by Mr. P. Harrison at a bloodstock sale held by Tattersall's at their Knightsbridge Green yard. This was the top price of the day, but other good prices were realised.

## RICHMOND'S ROYAL HORSE SHOW



Mr. W. S. Miller's pair, Knight Errant and Knight Templar, first prizewinners in a double harness class.



A pony careering round the ring with its youthful rider, who came off, but was unhurt.



Mrs. Hobart driving her pony, Douglas of Hurst Barnes, in a harness class for Shetlands.

Scenes at Richmond Horse Show yesterday, when rain to some extent marred the proceedings. Though umbrellas were much in evidence, there was plenty to see and admire.



Viscount Cave, who has undergone an operation following peritonitis. His condition is "so far satisfactory."

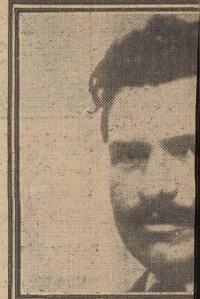


TWO HUNDRED UP!—Mr. Pitt Chatham and Miss Adrienne Brune in an episode from "Polly," which celebrates its two hundredth performance on Monday. It is still drawing full houses to the Savoy Theatre.



Maj. E. J. Ashton, now in London to further a scheme for settling British ex-officers on farms in Canada.

## STAMBULI



M. Stambulisky, the captiva, who was killed in an accident which occurred when he was on his way to Sofia.



The Newnham College

**CRICKET RECORDS.**—Dales and Lee going out to bat. Inset, Hearn, left, and Hendren. The first two made 103 and 107 respectively. Hearn scored 232 and Hendren was 177 not out when the Middlesex innings was declared closed at 642 for three wickets.



**MILESTONE OF LIBERTY.**—The Dean of Windsor at the commemoration of the signing of Magna Charta at Runnymede. The vicar of Runnymede, who arranged the proceedings, is on the right, Lord Lincolnshire standing back. It was the first local celebration for 700 years of the historic event.



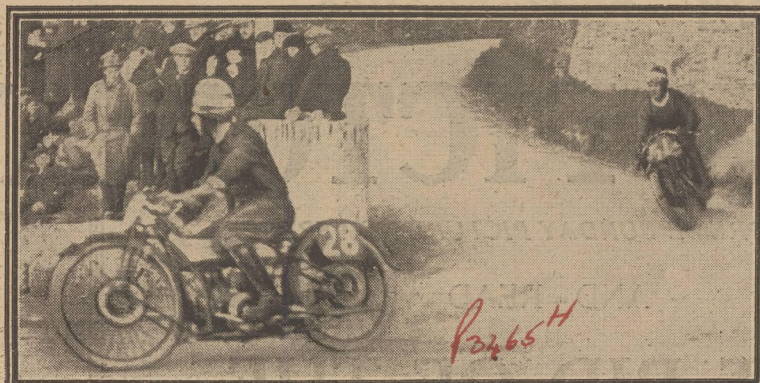
The Newnham crew out for a practice run. **UNIVERSITY WOMEN'S BOAT RACE.**—The Newnham crew out for a practice run in a boat race on the Thames on June 1st.



# SKY SHOT RIDER KILLED IN SENIOR T.T. RACE WITH 'ALFRED BUTT'



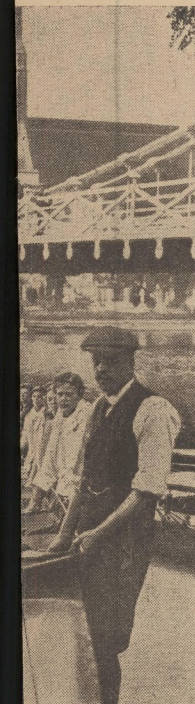
ed ex-Premier of Bul-  
fusillade during a disturb-  
e was being transferred  
er escort.



J. H. H. Veasey (leading), who was killed at Greeba Bridge during the race in the Isle of Man yesterday. He is seen rounding the famous hairpin bend at Governor's Bridge.



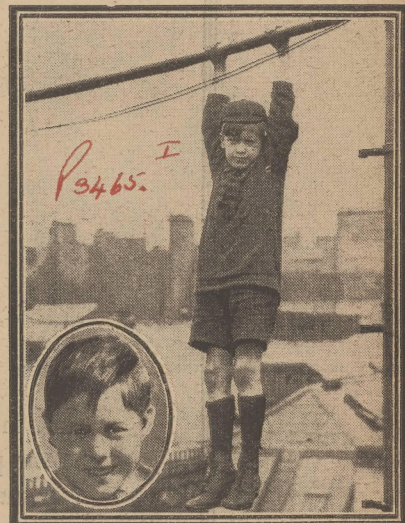
Miss Bidley Mayhew with her little goat, Alfred Butt by name, at a St. John's Wood garden fête held to swell the funds of the Invalid Aid Association. Many theatrical stars attended.



T. M. Sheard, who won the Senior Tourist Trophy race yesterday on a Douglas, his time being 3h. 21m. 14s. G. Black (Norton) was second, and Dixon (Indian) third. Sheard was the winner of the Junior event last year.



ORATORY WEDDING.—Mr. H. F. McEwen and his bride, Miss Bridget Lindley, daughter of the Hon. Francis Lindley, after the wedding at the Brompton Oratory yesterday.



BOY'S MID-AIR PERIL.—George Taylor, aged nine, who clung to a gutter-spout 45ft. from the ground after falling down a slanting roof at Bishopsgate. Inset is Bob Blakley, who held on to Taylor while police hurried to his rescue.



Admiral the Hon. Sir Edmund Fremantle, who has just attained his eighty-seventh birthday.

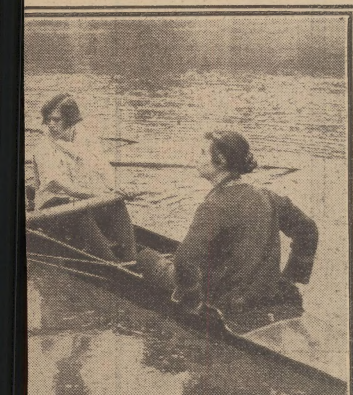


RAMSGATE'S NEW GARDENS.—Dame Janet Stancombe-Wills (with bouquet) after declaring open yesterday the new Winterstoke Gardens, her gift to Ramsgate. Dame Janet, it will be recalled, has accepted an invitation to be Ramsgate's next mayor. A large gathering attended the ceremony.



Mr. F. Matania, the well-known black and white artist, who is lying seriously ill in a London nursing home.

bringing out their boat.



Marlow. Miss F. Slater strokes the boat.

m College, Cambridge, is to meet London Uni-  
The Cambridge crew are training at Marlow.



SEQUEL TO HOLD-UP.—John Braddock (left) and Augustine Power, who were arrested in connection with a raid by three men on a post office at Liverpool, in the police court, where they were remanded on charges of being in possession of explosives.

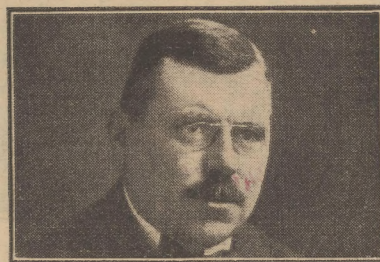


**BUY TO-MORROW'S**

# SUNDAY·PICTORIAL

**THE SUPREME SUNDAY PICTURE NEWSPAPER****AND READ**

## GET RID OF THE PANELS!

**By LOVAT FRASER.**

**I**N this important article, Mr. Lovat Fraser discusses the panel system of Health Insurance with extreme frankness and urges that panels should be abolished altogether.

All insured persons must have absolute freedom in choice of doctors, who should be paid only for actual treatment. The interests of the patients ought to be paramount, but they are not so to-day, declares Mr. Fraser, who proceeds to criticise vigorously the present policy of the Ministry of Health.

**ONLY IN TO-MORROW'S**

# SUNDAY·PICTORIAL

**ORDER YOUR COPY TO-DAY.**

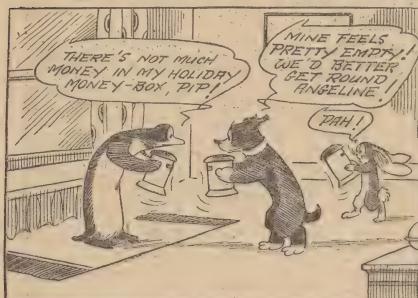




SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1923

# THE ADVENTURES OF PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

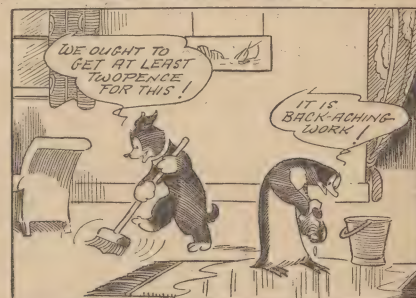
No. 88.—PETS WORK HARD, BUT WILFRED EARNS THE MOST HOLIDAY MONEY.



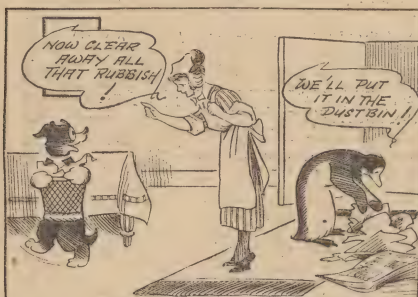
1. When they shook their money boxes the pets found that they were almost empty.



2. How were they to get some money for the summer holidays, they wondered.



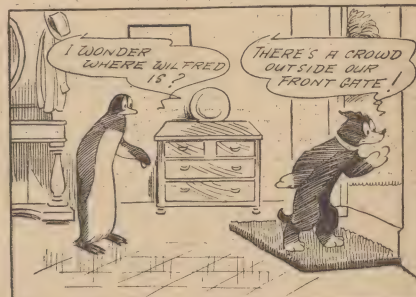
3. Angeline gave Pip and Squeak some work to do. They set about it bravely.



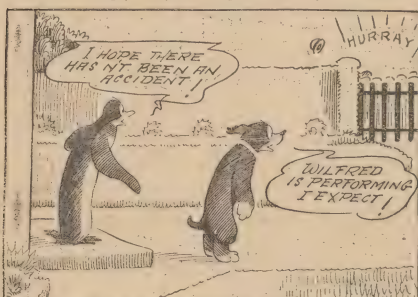
4. "We ought to get a big tip for this," gasped Pip. Angeline kept them busy.



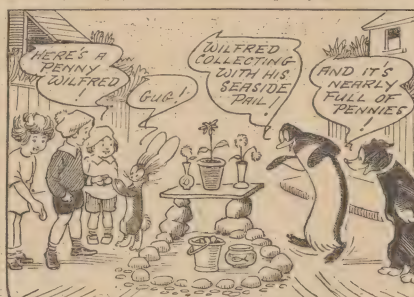
5. But Pip and Squeak were disgusted when they were presented with—a halfpenny each!



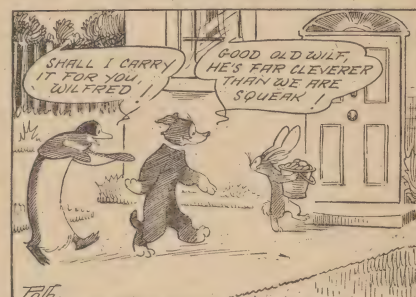
6. Then they noticed that Wilfred was missing. "Where can he be?" said Squeak.



7. Hurrying outside, they heard shouts of "Hurrah!" Squeak was rather alarmed.



8. To their astonishment, they found that Wilfred had built a little grotto and—



9. —the cunning little rabbit had collected quite a big sum of money!

## "I-WONDER-WHY" HERBERT: No. 18. Helping the painters proves to be rather a difficult job for Herbert and Pogo.



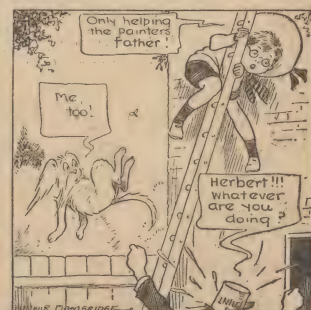
1. Seeing a ladder that the painters had left, Herbert climbed up it.



2. Pogo, his funny little dog, carried the paint-pot in his mouth.



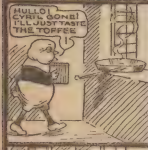
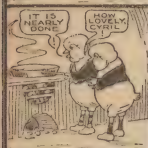
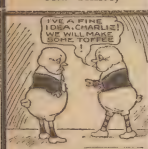
3. Suddenly he saw a bee—and the silly dog dropped the paint-pot.



4. As luck would have it, it fell on Father's head. Then there was trouble!



## MAKING TOFFEE IS ONE THING.

A CANDLE TRICK.  
What Will Happen If You Blow?

HERE is a little problem for you, which you can try on your friends after you have done it yourself.

Place a lighted candle on the table, and put a round bottle in front of it. Now stand with your mouth a few inches away from the bottle, and blow with all your might.

What do you think will happen? Will the bottle stop your "blow" put-



What will happen when you blow against the bottle?

ting the candle out? Or will your "blow" go right through the bottle? This is not at all easy to answer, is it?

This is what will happen: the candle will instantly go out. Why is this? Because the current of air from your mouth will strike the bottle, divide, meet again the other side and then blow out the light.

Now, if the bottle, instead of being round and smooth, was a big flat, square-shaped one, in all probability the candle would not go out. The currents of air would be divided so much that they would not reunite. Just try it with two differently-shaped bottles, and see for yourself.

What is the left side of a pork-pie? The side that isn't eaten.



Daily Mirror Office, Saturday, June 16, 1923.

Y. DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS.—

What is your favourite day in the week? Saturday, I'm sure! Of all the days Saturday is certainly the most popular with me. Apart from its being a holiday, there is something fat and jolly and friendly about Saturday; its very name suggests a broad smile.

Saturday morning is a lazy, careless, easy sort of time, and the afternoon is nearly always spent in the open air. If it's fine, there is tea in the garden; and after tea a quiet stroll with a pipe, and Pip running by my side. Then home and to supper and bed; and the cool, happy, care-free day is over.

Monday, on the other hand, is the worst day in the week. It always seems much harder to get out of bed on a Monday; and things always go wrong, and people get cross and snappy.

## IS WEDNESDAY A "FAT" DAY?

Tuesday? Well, Tuesday seems a silly kind of day to me. I'm afraid I can't tell you why; I don't quite know myself, but nothing ever happens on a Tuesday—nothing exciting. Perhaps it's different with you.

Now I like Wednesday. I wonder if you'll know what I mean when I describe it as a "fat day"? For some unaccountable reason, Wednesday always seems much longer than any other day, and there is always a lot to do; and all sorts of wonderful things happen. Of course, most boys like Wednesday, because it is a half-holiday.

Perhaps all the days of the week are exactly the same to you; but to most people each day means something different. To some they even have a special colour of their own, and I have often heard Wednesday described as "blue," Monday as "green," and so forth. To me Saturday is a delicious rosy hue!

Your affectionate  
Uncle Dick.

CAN YOU GUESS?  
What We Are All Longing For.

BELOW you see several little pictures. The initial letters of these various things, when written in their correct order, spell the name of something which we are all looking forward to just now. Can you guess what it is?

Write a neat list of what you think the various pictures represent, and at



the bottom put the word which their first letters spell.

For the correct and neatest solutions, written on a card, I am awarding the following prizes:—

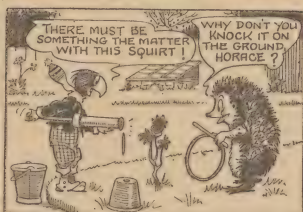
First Prize	.....	£2 10 0
Second Prize	.....	1 10 0
Third Prize	.....	1 0 0
Forty Prizes of	.....	5 0
Forty Prizes of	.....	2 6

Send our entry, with your name, age and address, to Uncle Dick (Puzzle), "Pip and Squeak," care of The Daily Mirror, 29, Boulevard-street, London, E.C. 4.

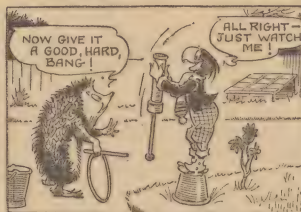
Only children under sixteen may enter for this competition, the closing date of which is June 23.

## ADVENTURES OF HELPFUL HORACE:

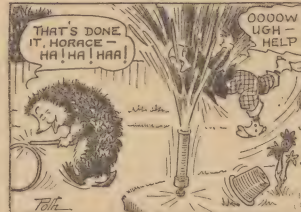
It is not always wise to take a hedgehog's advice.



1. Horace couldn't make the squirt "squirt," so he asked the Hedgehog's advice.



2. That sly little fellow told him to bang it on the ground.



3. Horace followed the advice—but you see what happened!

## START THIS FINE SERIAL TO-DAY



BY CYNTHIA GORDON.

## FOR NEW READERS.

Pamela, Paul and Babs discover a mysterious little door in Professor Pigeon's house, where they are staying. One day a man named Morgan breaks in and injures the Professor, who loses his memory. Morgan escapes.

## KIDNAPPED.

PAUL MERRYLL wandered slowly along by the river, lost in thought. The events of the last few days completely baffled him, and he had purposely come out by himself to think things over.

The discovery of the mysterious door; the strange appearance of Mr. Morgan; the scene in the Professor's study—what did it all mean? And that word, "Noegip," which was simply "Pigeon" spelt backwards—had that anything to do with the mystery of the little green door?

Just as Paul was musing with these problems he fancied he heard a step behind him. He turned to look, and at that moment a piece of cloth was thrown over his head and he was pulled violently backwards.

"Help! help!" shouted Paul; but his cries were stifled in the cloth. He struggled fiercely, only to feel his wrists gripped in a powerful grasp, and before he knew what had happened he was on his back or the grass.

After that things moved quickly. The boy was bound hand and foot; then he felt himself picked up in strong arms and carried down the bank of the river. For one awful moment he thought he was about to be thrown into the water, but he breathed with re-

lief when he found himself lying in what was evidently a boat, to judge by its swaying motion. The truth flashed on him. "Great Scott! it's Morgan's old dinghy! I'm in Morgan's hands!"

And the thought made his heart beat with dread. By this time they were moving, and he could hear the creak of oars. After what seemed an eternity there was the sharp jar and harsh sound of the boat grounding on the shore; Paul was again picked up and carried for some distance.

He did not attempt to struggle, and at last he was set down on his feet, his bonds cut and the cloth stripped from his head.

Blinking in the sudden glare of light, Paul found himself face to face with Morgan, who was looking at him with a sneering smile.

"Well, it's very nice of you to pay me a visit," said the man, sarcastically.

Paul's first thought was to flee. He sprang round, but found himself surrounded by bare walls. He was in a tiny wooden hut, the door



Paul was a prisoner in the lonely hut on the island.

was locked, and there were only two windows, one of which was barred with stout planks. The other was a mere hole.

"I'm afraid you can't get out," went on Morgan, in the same tone. "You see, I'm so fond of your company that I don't want to lose it."

"What are you going to do with me?" demanded Paul boldly.

"That depends entirely on yourself," said Morgan, dropping his bantering tone. Look here, it's come to business. Perhaps it is unkind of me to kidnap you, but I want to open that little green door, and you can help me."

"Why are you so anxious to open it?"

"Ah, that would be telling! But I am; and I have found out one or two things. There are twenty-six buttons on the door—the number of letters in the alphabet—and if you spell out a certain word, by pressing those buttons in their right order, the door will open." Paul began to prick up his ears. "Now I want to know what that word is."

"By Jove! I know it!" thought Paul. "Noegip! That's what it is!" He was determined not to tell Morgan, however, so he put a bold face on it, and began: "Do you think—"

"I think you will help me find it out—if I make you!" said Morgan, with a fierce look. "Do you know where you are? You are in a little hut on my island, in the middle of the river. No one ever comes here, and you can't escape, because I always leave the boat on the other bank. If you don't promise to help me open that door, I shall leave you here until—until you come to your senses. There's some bread and water for you on that table—but you'll get nothing else! No fancy cakes from me! Now I'm not going to waste my time with you. What is your answer?"

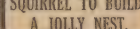
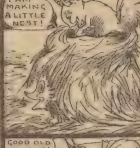
"This is my answer," cried Paul, looking him straight in the face. "You're a villain, and you can do what you like to me!"

Morgan's eyes blazed with anger. "Very well!" he said, opening the door. "I'll leave you. Perhaps you'll listen to me when you're hungry, because you won't get much food while you're here!" And, going out, he slammed the door after him, turning the key in the lock.

Paul ran across to the tiny window and looked out. He saw Morgan clambering into the boat to row away; but there was not another soul in sight. Paul's head dropped, and a long sigh escaped him; he was a prisoner in the lonely hut on the island.

(Don't miss next week's grand instalment.)

## HORACE HEDGEHOG HELPS MONTY





# THE LITTLE LADY

By ERIC  
MAXWELL



"I want to talk to you about my daughter," said Philip Champion heavily, when silence had again yes," the Little Lady almost whispered, in her desire to help him out.

## HOW THE STORY BEGAN.

IN Carnival-street, London, W. is—or was, for it has passed into other hands now—the flower shop known as Fleurette & Co., tenanted by Barbara Crane, the orphan daughter of a lieutenant-colonel who had died during the war.

Barbara is aided in her business by Alec, a snub-nosed, freckled boy, and she cherishes the friendship of Peter Cowdrey, nephew of Lady Parminster, into whose set Barbara foolishly allowed herself to be drawn before choosing the way of independence. Barbara has once met Maurice van Rekken, a wealthy, worldly man, who endeavoured to force his love upon her. The memory of that experience has always sent a shudder through the Little Lady since.

One night when Peter is supping with her Maurice van Rekken, who is believed to have died abroad, returns unexpectedly. He greets Barbara familiarly, and Peter, assuming he is not wanted, leaves. Later she meets Peter while on a shopping expedition, and he practically cuts her.

In a basket of flowers received from a flower farm in the South of France, Barbara finds an interesting letter written by the proprietor, an unknown Englishman. He is desperately lonely, and after another humiliating scene with Van Rekken, she forms the plan of going out to join him, hoping thereby to forget some of her painful memories.

She departs without seeing Peter, and is greeted as if she were expected when she reaches Lea-Cyprus. The proprietor, Philip Champion, has engaged a companion for his willful daughter Aileen, and Barbara is mistaken for this girl!

## THE IMAGE IN HER HEART.

AS she followed Jacko down the dark passage leading to "the gunner's study," the Little Lady felt more ashamed of herself than ever in her life before. She knew herself to be an impostor, almost a criminal. Also, more urgent to the feminine mind, she was positive that she must look "a sight," that her nose needed powder, her hair tidying.

They came to a door at the end of the passage; the chauffeur knocked and motioned the Little Lady into a room filled with sunlight and flowers. She had a lightning impression of many books, framed photographs of school and Army groups, and a tiger-skin rug lying brilliantly in a patch of sunlight.

Then, gazing across the room to a roll-top desk beneath the broad and open window, she saw Champion.

It was as if she looked on a picture of the image in her heart, so softly and wonderfully did he bear out her dream pictures of him.

He lounged in a swivel chair, with fine white shirt open at the neck and his long legs encased in riding boots. A tall man, but so well built that he gave no impression of being thin; crisp, brown hair brushed in a great sweep across a high forehead; the brown eyes of the picture, not deep brown, but a yellowish shade, like the eyes of a dog, sad and faithful.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed on catching sight of Barbara, and raised questioning brows at Jacko. The chauffeur smiled broadly. "Girl from London, Mr. Philip."

"So you come from Miss Primley's?" asked Champion. "She could not have received my telegram."

He was looking curiously at the Little Lady, for, despite the addition of the little green

apron, she had hardly the appearance of a maid-servant.

"Well, now you're here, we'd better keep you," he smiled.

"What if you say, Jacko?"

"We can't hardly turn 'er out into the cold and rain, can we?" said Jacko. "Please sit down," insisted Champion. "It was most discourteous of me not to have offered you a chair. You must be tired after that journey. A beast, wasn't it?"

"Rather," she said, perching herself on the edge of a high chair. She had fallen instantly in love with his voice, the dreamy, drawing quality of it. "And what are we to call you?"

"Parker, my name is," replied the Little Lady humbly. "No Christian name?"

"Well—er—Barabara, but in my last place I was always called Parker. And she added hurriedly: "I think you'd better call me Parker, Mr. Champion, please." She thought it would be too awful for words to hear him call her Barbara so trivially, without meaning Barbara.

"All right, Parker let it be. I hope, Parker, that Jacko has shown you your room, carried up your trunk, and given you something to eat."

"He's done all that—most kindly."

At this the chauffeur shifted uneasily on his feet and blushed brightly.

Champion's brown eyes were bright with laughter. It seemed to the Little Lady a room of laughter, this boyish study, splashed with sunlight, where the chauffeur's strange broad face split into smiles and, somewhere outside the window, a quiet, gay voice was singing in Italian. This was the room in which that letter had been written—the letter which was now tucked in the front of her blouse. Despite its afternoon brightness and the deep laughter of the two men, she could picture the room in her mind dim with the shadows of midnight and the uncertain light of the tall candles which stood upon Champion's desk.

Then the clouds would gather in the clear eyes and the troubles of a lonely life crowd towards him as he sat waiting for the daughter who had driven the Daimler to Cannes, and when she did arrive, carelessly full of the day's pleasure, reminded him so bitterly of a dead face.

"Parker is to be maid to Miss Aileen, Jacko. You'd better leave us for a moment. There are one or two things about which I wish to talk to Parker."

With a farewell grimace at the Little Lady, the chauffeur turned on his heel and went from the room. His heavy footstep could be heard echoing down the passage.

"I want to talk to you about my daughter," said Philip Champion heavily, when silence had again fallen.

"Oh, yes," the Little Lady almost whispered, in her desire to help him out.

"Aileen is a peculiar girl. In a way, she hasn't had a fair chance. Her mother died when she was quite a child—and you know what that means, Parker. She has led a life of pleasure and excitement, behaved like a tomboy, driven the big car, and so on. Her evenings have been taken up with dancing or sitting at the tables."

"This fever of existence has hardened her and left her unsympathetic to the ordinary familiar emotions. When she heard that you were to come here there was a terrible scene, and I—well, of course, I gave in and promised to telegraph to tell you not to come. It seems that fate has forestalled me and sent you on your way."

"And now that you are here, let me tell you why I required you. I felt that in her home life, such as it is, Aileen required the constant presence of someone of her own age—I am far too old for her, y'know."

"I wanted this girl to be neither a 'chum' to her nor an ordinary servant, because she would soon enough influence the one or bully the other into submission. I wanted Aileen to learn a little that lesson of service and thought for others."

He broke off and gazed a moment out on to the sun-splashed slings.

"You may wonder why I am telling you all this," he went on. "I can only say that I made up my mind at first to be pretty frank with you—whatever kind of girl came down from London—and you are, well, a little different from what I expected."

The Little Lady's heart leapt at the hesitation in his voice. He did think her out of the ordinary; he had noticed her. That was a wonderful beginning.

"I'm—just a servant," she said. "I'll do my very best for Miss Aileen, but I'm afraid that she's going to hate me very much."

"You'll be all right, Parker," he broke in with a smile. "Stand up to her. If she is rude to you, treat her coldly. When you penetrate through the ice and fire with which Aileen has surrounded herself you'll find a very dear and human person."

He finished, and his eyes strayed to the wall

opposite, where hung a portrait in oils of a girl seated in a high-backed chair, a tiger skin tumbling over her shoulders and the vivid burnt-orange dress she wore.

The proud little face with its dark curls and vivid lips seemed to wear an impenetrable smile of understanding. It was the face of one of life's greatest women, those who see the clean and joyous course of years before them and live with a grand gesture.

Champion followed the Little Lady's glance. He said, half sadly, half proudly: "That was my wife. Aileen is very like her—too like."

"She was very beautiful, your wife," said the Little Lady.

"You think so?"

"Indeed I do. About that face there is something—kind and—eager."

"Why did you go on for this sort of thing?" he asked, staring at the little green apron. "But, then, I shouldn't have asked. It was an impertinence."

"There was a war," she said, "and people were killed."

"I'm sorry," he said, and leaned the boyish cleft chin on a sunburnt hand. "By Jove, I feel sure that I can do for me what very few women could do—bring back my daughter and wipe out the contrast between that picture there and the girl who will soon come home from Cannes. But, don't forget," he urged, "stand up to her, and I'll help you any way I can."

As she closed the door behind her she had a momentary glimpse of him, sitting there, hunched up, twirling a carnation between his fingers and staring with puzzled, resentful eyes at the portrait of his dead wife.

## TIGER LADY.

"SO, you're Parker," said Aileen Champion, sweeping into her own blue-and-white bedroom.

The Little Lady was shaking and smoothing out several handsome frocks which their impetuous owner had cast hurriedly into a drawer. The entrance of this fierce young person had been heralded by a burst of excited conversation in the hall below Aileen's angry voice repeating: "I won't have her! I won't have her."

Whatever the issue of the controversy, Aileen now stood, head thrown back, staring with hostile eyes at Barbara Crane.

The Little Lady realised with almost a catch of the breath how cruelly the mother lived on in the daughter.

Aileen, though probably a little taller than Isadora, had the same beautifully oval face, the same full and vivid lips. Only the eyes were

different—hard, empty of understanding. She wore a straight blue dress of some rough material and carried a towel slung over one shoulder.

Then Aileen spoke. "Why did you come? You know that father wired you not to start. Why did you start, then?"

The Little Lady smiled coolly, though really she was terrified by this bitter attack of words.

"I had started, you see."

"I don't see," stormed Aileen, suddenly, with the air of one who has no intention of seeing. "Silly they could have recalled you."

"In this case that was impossible. What will you wear to-night, Miss Aileen?"

This sudden change of tone infuriated the other girl.

"Don't stand there Miss-Aileen me! I suppose that father has been talking to you and stuffing you up with a lot of exaggerated ideas about me. You are to be womanly and show me my duty."

A sneer twisted the red lips, and Aileen made a little gesture of contempt.

"I've heard all that stuff before. Father thinks that because I don't come in before half-past eleven every blessed night of the week I'm a kind of female rake. It's what he calls going the pace. As if one could go the pace in this part of the world. It's very different here from London or Paris. There one could live."

"I think the apricot dress would be very nice with your colour, Miss Aileen," suggested the Little Lady impudently.

She turned on her heel and, laying the apricot dress on the bed, went into the adjoining bathroom.

"The bath is ready," said the Little Lady, returning presently. "Have it while it's hot."

The girl looked up angrily at the gentle commanding tone and enquired: "That's enough. I can do the rest myself. You'd better go down to the kitchen."

She strode quickly past her into the bathroom and slammed the door.

The Little Lady could not resist the tiniest of smiles. She laid out the dress, rummaged for stockings of apricot hue, found a pair of tawny slippers and went quietly down to the kitchen, where she found Jacko playing patience amidst the potato peelings.

How did things go with Miss Tartar?" he asked, clapping to his feet. "A bit 'ot, I'll be bound."

"She insists that I return to London," explained the Little Lady, picking up one of Clementine's babies and holding it comfortably and naturally, as was her way with babies. "I wonder whether she'll succeed?"

Another fine instalment on Monday.

"Fry's for Good"



## On Summer Mornings

They want a refreshing drink on summer mornings—and of course it must be fully nourishing. Fry's Pure Breakfast Cocoa exactly suits the need.

Its flavour is very smooth and delicate. And it is rich in body-building and strengthening food substances.

Fry's Cocoa has been best for nearly 200 years.

**Fry's**  
PURE  
BREAKFAST  
**Cocoa**

7½d. per quarter lb. tin







## FINAL VOTE IN OUR

See Pictures in Monday's  
"Daily Mirror."

**GET YOUR COUPON READY.**

Monday will be the last day for voting in

The Daily Mirror \$2,500 Beauty Competition. On that day the third Beauty Number, containing portraits of the senior "finalists," will be published, and the issue will also contain the

No coupons should be sent in yet. They cannot be completed until the photographs of the senior competitors are published as a selection.

Below is printed a further coupon, which should be cut out ready for use. There is no limit to the number of coupons readers may send in, and they may vary their selections and

**£2,500 BEAUTY COMPETITION**  
**VOTING AND FORECAST COUPON.**

To the Manager, Beauty Competition Dept.,  
*The Daily Mirror*, 4-7, Lombard-lane, E.C.4.  
Please register my votes for the three en-

trants indicated below as the "Beauties of 1923." This selection, together with the estimate of the votes, is also my forecast of your readers' verdict.

Section	Winner	Estimate of Votes
III. N. 21.20		

III. Nos. 21-30		
II. Nos. 11-20		

I. Nos. 1-10

Indicate the photographs you select by number only. One selection must be made for

You must also give your estimate of the number of Votes that will be recorded for each of your selected tickets.

I enter this competition upon and subject to the conditions published in *The Daily Mirror*, and agree to abide by such con-

ditions and to accept the decision of the Editor upon all matters and questions which may arise in connection with this competition as final and conclusive and ab-

solutely and legally binding upon me.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

[illegible]

You may send in as many coupons as you wish, but they must reach "The Daily Mirror" not later than the last post on Friday, June 22, 1923.

ALBERT KAHN FELLOWSHIP.

The trustees of the Albert Kahn Travelling Fellowships Foundation met in the Speaker's Library, House of Commons, on Thursday, and decided to award the value of the Fellowship

The Fellowships are awarded to enable men

of proved intellectual attainments to enjoy during one year or more sufficient leisure and freedom from all professional pursuits or preoccupations to enter into personal contact with men

and countries they might otherwise never have known.

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**NO WOMEN AT ACTRESS' GRAVE**

At the funeral of Mrs. Kate Alice Lohr (Kate Bishop), the actress, and mother of Miss Marie


Lohr, at Brompton Cemetery yesterday no women, in accordance with Mrs. Lohr's wish, were present.

UD FISHER.

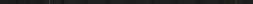
NOT EXACTLY THAT!  
MISTOOK A.



AMBLE-BEE FOR  
BLACKBERRY!

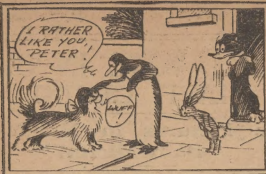


ABLE GOGGLES.





Children's Competition: Money Prizes, See Page 12.



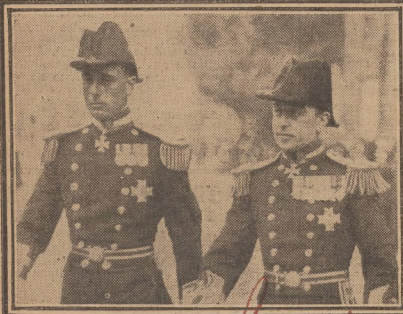
There is a splendid competition for—

—clever boys and girls on page 12.

# The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

## SOLEMN BURIAL OF PRINCESS CHRISTIAN IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR



Lord Louis Mountbatten (left) and the Marquis of Milford Haven attended the funeral.



The royal mourners in the procession. The King with Prince Helena Victoria (left) and Princess Marie Louise; the Duke of Connaught with the Duchess of Argyll (left) and Princess Beatrice; the Queen, the Prince of Wales and Princess Mary, the Crown Prince of Sweden and the Duke of York (extreme right).



Archbishop of Canterbury (left) and Duke of Windsor.



The coffin, borne on a gun carriage, arriving at St. George's Chapel between lines of Guardsmen.

The funeral of Princess Christian, aunt of the King, took place yesterday at St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle. The coffin was draped in Princess Christian's own standard, and on it rested a single wreath of evergreen from the Royal Family. Non-commissioned

officers of the Grenadier Guards bore the coffin from a gun carriage into the chapel, where a beautiful and impressive service was conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Windsor clergy.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Mrs. Austen Chamberlain (centre) were also present for the service.



The insignia of orders conferred upon Princess Christian being carried in front of the coffin.